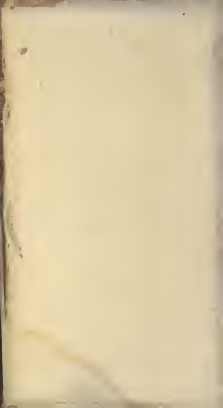




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SEYMOUR DURST









THE
PLAYS
OF
SHAKESPEARE,
IN NINE VOLUMES,
VOL. III.



LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING,
CHANCERY LANE.
MDCCCLXXIV.



SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

WINTER'S TALE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, { Lords attending upon the Duke in his
JAQUES, { banishment.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, his wrestler.

OLIVER,

JAQUES, { sons of sir Rowland de Bois.

ORLANDO, {

ADAM,

DENNIS, { servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a vicar.

CORIN,

SYLVIVS, { shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Poets, Foresters,
and other Attendants.*

*The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards,
partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly
in the forest of Arden.*





J. Richardson B.A.

Ang. Fox sc.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act. 2 Sc. 4.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An orchard, near Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me : By will, but a poor thousand crowns ; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well : and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept : For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their managa, and to that end riders dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his droughills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing, that he so plentifully gives me, the something, that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Ol. Now, sir ! what make you here ?

Orl. Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Off. What may you then, sir ?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness ?

Off. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

Off. Know you where you are, sir ?

Orl. O, sir, very well, here in your orchard.

Off. Know you before whom, sir ?

Orl. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle cōdition of blood, you should so know me : The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us : I have as much of my father in me, as you ; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Off. What, boy !

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Off. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain !

Orl. I am no villain ; I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois ; he was my father ; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains : Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so ; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Off. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Off. And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be

troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Ord. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Off. Get you with him, you old dog

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Off. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hela, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Off. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Off. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*].—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Off. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Off. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, he banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Off. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every

day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Ol. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]

Ol. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing

more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd,
and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts
enchancingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the
heart of the world, and especially of my own peo-
ple, who best know him, that I am altogether mis-
prised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler
shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle
the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am
mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier!
Unless you could teach me to forget a banished
father, you must not learn me how to remember
any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the
full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy
banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke
my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I
could have taught my love to take thy father for
mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to
me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my
estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I,
nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies,
thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken
away from thy father perforce, I will render thee
again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and
when I break that oath, let me turn monster:
therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise
sports: let me see; What think you of falling in
love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal:
but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in
sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou
may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife:
Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may hence-
forth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits

are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No! When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire!—Though nature hath given us wit to float at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the better off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmanacle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards, that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but, if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't, that thou mean'st?

Touch. One, that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau:* What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou loost thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by these presents,——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touche. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touche. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time, that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead, that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, toeke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cla. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cla. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Charles is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*Charles is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred. Train, and Le Beau.*

Col. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling.

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Col.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him;

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sicks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love,

But justly, as you have exceeded promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—

Shall we go, coz?

Col.

Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which heretofore stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back : My pride fell with my
fortunes :

I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir ?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown ;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners ;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;

From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—
But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A room in the palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind :—Cupid have mercy !—Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father : O, how full of briars is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try ; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : Is it possible on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do :—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault hear with me :
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself ;—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's
enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his
dukedom ;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay :
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool : she rebels thee of thy name ;
 And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
 virtuous,

When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

Col. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool :—You, niece, provide
 yourself ;

If you out-say the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Col. O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
 Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Col. Thou hast not, cousin ;
 Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not the duke
 Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Col. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teacheth thee, that thou and I am one ;
 Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
 No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us :
 And do not seek to take your change upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Col. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ?
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Col. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
 And with a kind of amber smirch my face ;
 The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
 And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me all points like a man ?
 A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
 A boar-spear in my hand ; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;
 As many other mannish cowards have,
 That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
 page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
 No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
 The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
 Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along e'er the wide world with me ;
 Leave me alone to woo him : Let's away,
 And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
 Devise the fittest time, and safest way
 To hide us from pursuit that will be made
 After my flight : Now go we in content,
 To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in
 the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we hat the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference ; as, the lay fang,
 And charlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
 This is no flattery : these are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it : Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it kills me, the poor dappled fools,— Being native hunters of this desert city,— Should, in their own confines, with forked heads Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grieves at that; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you. To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself, Did steal behind him, as he lay along Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook, that bravels along this wood: To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal bear'd forth such groans, That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting; and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes. First, for his weeping in the needless stream; *Poor deer,* quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which had too much:* Then, being alone, Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; *'Tis right,* quoth he; *this misery doth part The fair of company:* Anon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth Jaques, *Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?* Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, To fright the animals, and to kill them up, In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fies,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any, that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-board
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately fell the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gentle
master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherfore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prier of the humorous duke?

Your praises is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
 Of him I was about to call his father,)—
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off:
 I overheard him, and his practices.
 This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a hase and bolsterous sword, enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that: and He, that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unhealthful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man ; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed
like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my
man's apparel, and to cry like a woman : but I
must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and
hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat :
therefore, courage, good Aliens.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no
farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,
than bear you : yet I should bear no cross, if I did
bear you ; for, I think, you have no money in your
purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden : the more fool

I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Res. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But, if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so,)

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand, that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily: If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or, if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or, if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd: O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

[Exit Silvius.]

Res. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her betlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peacock instead of her; from whom I took two coods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Res. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shin against it.

Res. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine ; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man, if he for gold will give us any food ;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla ; you, clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say :—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fainets for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces, that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocke, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepeote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing,
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but awhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The same.**Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that, they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and, when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jag. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in spite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jag. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease,

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

As if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that *ducdame*?

Jag. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be with thee

quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! *[Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast ; For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence ; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jays, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres ;—Go, seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur : what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company ? What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool ;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I : No, sir, quoth he,

Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :

And then he drew a dial from his poke ;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*

Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;

And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven ;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !

A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One, that hath been a courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;

Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they, that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way, to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the hob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fic on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldest do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldest thou discharge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman hears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my coat,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then: How, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been, where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Ors. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a'doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste, till you return.

Ors. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good
comfort! [Exit.

Duke S. Then secret, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than this scene,
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable
burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMENS sing.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh, ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good air Rowland's
son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were;

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

Most truly him'd, and living in your face,—

Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,

That lov'd your father! The residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is :
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, then present : But look to it ;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things, that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;
Till thou can'st quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Ol. O, that your highness knew my heart in this !
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him
out of doors ;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands :
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love ;
And thou, thrice crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a perilous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you sat not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as

the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more scander instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep: And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a hell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.*

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must shear and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this desert silent be?*

*For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows*

*'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest thoughts,
Or at every sentence's end,
Will I Rosalinda write;*

*Teaching all, that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.*

*Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rivalled of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many facets, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.*

*Hemen would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little!—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verses, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends

to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am exparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery. I pr'y-thee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace; I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'y-thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad hew, and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know, that I am in this forest,

and in man's apparel? Looks he as fresh as he did the day he wrestled?

Col. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Col. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Col. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Col. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O eminent! he comes to kill my heart.

Col. I would sing my song without a harden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Col. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind retire.]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; hut, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reeding them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yee, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and coun'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit Jacques.*—*Celia and Rosalind come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray, what is't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and he who stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnised: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest, that lacks Latin, and a rich man, that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he goes as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the covey, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you can purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one, that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that be laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pray thee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man hews the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs edes upon baw-thorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, dedycing the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not : an unquestionable spirit ; which you have not : a beard neglected ; which you have not :—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having a beard is a younger brother's revenue :—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, and your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ? you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does : that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he, that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, upsh, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of

smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jac. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [Aside.]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may he said, as lovers, they do feign.

And. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

And. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

[Aside.

And. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

And. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

[Aside.

And. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you

are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Ol. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'lld you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest, that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrank pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*]

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Nay—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behi' thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Ol. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before a cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Dianus: a run of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs

his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd, that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess,
That was his mistress.

Col. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accusom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
 The cleavies and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

SM. O dear Phebe,
 If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible,
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Addressing.*] Who
 might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched? What though you have more
 beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work:—O'd's my little life!
 I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
 Your eagle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—

Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Ph. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Ph. For no ill-will I hear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falseer than vows made in wine:

Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—

Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud: though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celio, and Corin.*]

Ph. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phoebe,—

Ph. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

Ph. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

Ph. Then hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Ph. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I hear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompense,

Than thine own gladness, that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man,
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Ph. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
creawhile ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Ph. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—
But what care I for words ! yet words do well,
When he that speaks them, pleases those, that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes
him :

He'll make a proper man : The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well ;
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little ripper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the dif-
ference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not : and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel, why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omission is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phoebe, with all my heart.

Ph. I'll write it straight ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
Go with me, Silvius. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKES.*

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poet.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, as you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you Esp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while?

You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He, that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid had clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty rarer than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—Will you, Orlando,—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man, that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour!

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths, that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most bellow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit Orlando.]

Orl. You have simply abus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Orl. Or rather bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliens, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Orl. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he, that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—
Have you no cong, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

1. Then sling him home;

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast horn.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it:

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*The rest
shall bear
this bur-
den.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action,
Which she did use as she was writing it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the ewaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says, I am not fair, that I lack manners;
 She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
 Were man as rare as phoenix; O'd's my will!
 Her love is not the hare, that I do hunt:
 Why writes she so to me!—Well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
 Phebe did write it.

Res. Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
 She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
 I say, she never did invent this letter;
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Res. Why, 'tis a holsterous and cruel style,
 A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
 Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
 Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the
 letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Res. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant
 writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?* [Reads.

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Res. Why, thy godhead laid apart.

Harr'at thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
 That could do no vengeance to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyes
 Have power to raise such love in mine,
 Alack, in me what strange effect
 Would they work in mild aspect?
 Whiles you chid me, I did love;
 How then might your prayers move?*

*He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.
—Wilt thou love such a woman!—What; to make
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon
thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to
her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,)
and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge
her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have
her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true
lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more
company.

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Ol. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you
know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fence'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Ol. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?

Ros. I am; What must we understand by this?

Ol. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Off. When last the young Orlando parted from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what bafel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and glided snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with intended glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with adders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing, that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural,
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Off. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Res. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Off. Twice did he turn his back, and purpon'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurrying
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Res. Was it you, he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you, that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Off. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Res. But, for the bloody napkin!

Off. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Years our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As, how I came into that desert place;—
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth,
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cal. Why, how now, Ganyমেদে? sweet Ganyমেদে?
[Rosalind faints.]

Off. Many will swoon, when they do look on blood.

Cal. There is more in it;—Cousin—Ganyমেদে!

Off. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cal. We'll lead you thither;—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Off. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
 You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

Off. This was not counterfeited; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeited, I assure you.

Off. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, I'faith I should have been a woman by right.

Cal. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Off. That will I, for I must hear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?
[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meet and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips, when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company, of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, die ; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ;—I attend, I attend.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

Ol. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliens; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptials. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure

draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her : I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician : Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study, To seem despiseful and ungentle to you : You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To Rosalind.*]

Sh. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To Phebe.*]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To Silvius.*] if I can.—I would love you [*To Phebe.*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To Phebe.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To Orlando.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you [*To Silvius.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To Orlando.*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To Silvius.*] love Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sh. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i'the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying, we are hoarse: which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page*. F'faith, f'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touck. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 *Page*. You are deceiv'd, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touck. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JACQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all that he hath promised ?

Ori. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those, that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
[*To the Duke.*

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
[*To Orlando.*

Ori. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
[*To Phebe.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
[*To Silvius.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.—
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Ori. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-horn;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jag. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a

pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jag. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the merry-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: He hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jag. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jag. How seventh cause!—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ld you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that, that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jag. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the *Reproof passionate*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is

called the *Counterscheck quarrelsome*; and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valliant; the fifth, the Counterscheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew, when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
You, brought her hither;*

*That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To Duke S.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You [*To Phebe.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*To Touchstone and Audrey.*

As the winter to foul weather.

While a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

(SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[*To Sisters.*

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword;
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again,
 That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
 To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends,
 That here were well begun, and well begot;
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry:—
 Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms
 all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; if I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court!

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
 You to your former honour I bequeath;

[*To Duke S.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it;—
 You [*To Orlando.*] to a love, that your true faith
 doth merit:—

You [*To Oliver.*] to your land, and love, and great
 allies:—

You [*To Silvius.*] to a long and well deserved
 bed;—

And you [*To Touchstone.*] to wrangling; for thy
 loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd :—So to your pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jacques, stay.

Jac. To see no pastime, I :—what you would have I'll stay to know at your shaddon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

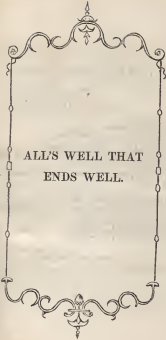
Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE.

Ret. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue : but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue : Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them : and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards, that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not : and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind office, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]



ALL'S WELL THAT
ENDS WELL.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, count of Rousillon.

LAPEU, an old lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Several young French lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, { Servants to the countess of Rousillon.
Clown, {

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the countess.

An old widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the widow.

VIOLENTA, { neighbours and friends to the

MARIANA, { widow.

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.
French and Florentine.*

Scene,—partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.





W. H. Worthington del.

Aug. Foster sc.

ALL'S WELL. THE LAST REVIDES WELL.

Act 1 Sc 3

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew : but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam ;—you, sir, a father : He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtues to you ; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope ; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had ! how sad a passage 'tis !) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living ! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam ?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so : Gerard de Narbon,

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly; he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king laments of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Const. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and taints too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Const. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihoood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Const. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Const. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,

Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit Countess.]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, *[To Helens.]* be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrances more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, :
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: wretched, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Per. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monkish.

Per. No.

Hel. And no.

Per. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you;

let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricade it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limits, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds misers, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't; within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a good increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him, that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth; off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her

esp out of fashion ; richly suited, but unsuitable : just like the breech and tooth-pick, which wear not now : Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek : And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears ; it looks ill, it eats dryly ; marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear : Will you any thing with it ?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid goesips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one, I faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,
Whose hazy stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think ; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit Page.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so ?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Paris. *A room in the King's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, rough'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead

For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Roussillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father : In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unmoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtesier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute, when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand : who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place ;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled : Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;
So in appoof lives not his epitaph,

As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,)—*Let me not live,—*
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
*Expire before their fashions:—*This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exit.* Flourish.

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this
gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your
content, I wish might be found in the calendar of
my past endeavours; for then we wound our mo-
desty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings,
when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you,
I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do

not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, I'll be the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, beards are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that eats my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyson the papist, howe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may jell horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Star. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
[Singing.

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fend done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
Wish that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit *Clo.*

Count. Well, now.

Stee. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stee. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterwards: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; since, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stoll this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them
none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
 Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
 That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
 And put you in the catalogue of those,
 That were enwomb'd mine: 'Tis often seen,
 Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
 You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
 Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
 God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
 To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
 That this disemper'd messenger of wet,
 The many colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
 Why?—that you are my daughter!

Hcl.

That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hcl.

Pardon, madam;

The count Roussillon cannot be my brother:
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
 No note upon my parents, his all noble:
 My master, my dear lord he is; and I
 His servant live, and will his vassal die:
 He must not be my brother.

Count.

Nor I your mother!

Hcl. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
 (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
 Indeed, my mother!—or, were you both our mothers,
 I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
 So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother!

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
 in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
 So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
 My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
 The mystery of your loneliness, and find
 Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
 You love my son; invention is ashamed,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
 But, tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
 That in their kind they speak it: only sin
 And hellish obstinacy lie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;

If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note; come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable cleft,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note : amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishes, wherof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help : How shall they credit
A poor unlearn'd virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. A room in the King's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking
leave for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PA-
ROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles

Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord*. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the melody
That doth my life hamage. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to wed honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell:

2 *Lord*. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1 *Lord*. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 *Lord*. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be brought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord*. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord*. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord*. Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord*. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals :— You shall find in the regiment of the Spinil, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword entrenched it : say to him, I live ; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dole on you for his services ! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do ?

Ber. Stay ; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more specious ceremony to the noble lords ; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu ; be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lend the measure, such are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy ; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across :
But, my good lord, 'tis thus ; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity ?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox ? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, and if my royal fox
Could reach them : I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone ;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With sprightly fire and motion ; whose simple touch
Is powerful to arise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,

And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this ?

Laf. Why, doctor shee: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her
(For that is her demand,) and know her business ?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafou,
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. *{Exit Lafou.*

King. Thus he is special, nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. *{Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him ;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and

The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her insidable estate,—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those, that wish him live;
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have

flow'd
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there,
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid;
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd;
It is not so with Him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
 Ere twice in mark and accidental dæw
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
 Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
 What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
 Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
 What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
 A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
 Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
 Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,
 With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
 speak ;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak :
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way.
 Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness and prime can happy call :
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try ;
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
 And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;
 But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
 What husband in thy power I will command :

Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or image of thy state .
 But such a one, thy vassal whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;
 So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must;
 Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—Butrest
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
 Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[Flourish. Exit.]

SCENE II.

Rouillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clw. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clw. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clw. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quench-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clw. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tih's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clw. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clw. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the

learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't; Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsman, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Paris. A room in the King's palace.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier; 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that be the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most factinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to he—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lend her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinsigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use : thy frank election make ;
Thou hast power to choose, and they woe to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little heard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—

Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
*We blush, that thou should'st choose ; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;
We'll ne'er come there again.*

King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to Imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?
1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ancee-see for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her, that so wishes, and her humble love ?

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a Lord.*] that I your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find faster fortune, if you ever wed!

Las. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

A Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Las. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou he'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*To Bertram.*]
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: if she be
All, that is virtuous, (save what thou dislike'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislike'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,

It is a droptied honour : good alone
 Is good, without a name ; vileness is so :
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
 In these to nature she's immediate heir ;
 And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the sire : Honour best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
 Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should he said ?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
 strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad ;
 Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to defend,
 I must produce my power : Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
 We, pausing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam : that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where
 We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
 Into the staggers, and the careless lapae
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,
 Looking upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity : speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,
 What great creation, and what dote of honour,
 Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what's man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is
of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you
are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be
a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs,
and the hammers, about thee, did manifoldly dis-
suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great
a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing
but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy
on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,
fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for
I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not hate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most undesignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be contented a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever?

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,

That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home;

Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high career
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!

France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That, which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this caprice hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man, that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go !
The king has done you wrong ; but, hush ! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter HELENA and Closs.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : Is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, which God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good-will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man : for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing : To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave ; that is, before me thou art a knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
 Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
 A very serious business calls on him.
 The great prerogative and rite of love,
 Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
 ledge;
 But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;
 Whose want, and whose delay, is strewn with
 sweets,
 Which they distil now in the curbed time,
 To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
 And pleasure drown the helm.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the
 king,
 And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
 Strengthen'd with what apology you think
 May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
 Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another room in the same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him
 a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant appoof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this
 lack for a hunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great
 in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience,
 and transgressed against his valour; and my sin
 that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in
 my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you,
 make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To Bertram.*]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir!

Laf. O, I know him well; Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given orders for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,— And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one, that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him, that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my dog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,

Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
 The ministration and required office
 On my particular : prepar'd I was not
 For such a business ; therefore am I found
 So much unsettled : This drives me to entreat you,
 That presently you take your way for home ;
 And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you :
 For my respects are better than they seem ;
 And my appointments have in them a need,
 Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
 To you that know them not. This to my mother :
[Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so
 I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
 But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
 With true observance seek to eke out that,
 Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
 To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go :
 My haste is very great : Farewell ; bid home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;
 Nor dare I say, 'tis mine ; and yet it is ;
 But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
 What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something ; and scarce so much :—nothing,
 indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would : my lord—
 Faith, yes ;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
 lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur ?—
 Farewell. [Exit Helena.]

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,
 Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :—
 Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, courage !

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Florent. A room in the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;
two French lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have
you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more throats after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fall
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fall:
To-morrow to the field. *[Flourish. Exit.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had

this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[Opening a letter.]*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was in court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. *[Exit.]*

Count. *[Reads.]* *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away, know it, before the report come. If there be breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. *[Exit Clown.]*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quicks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't :—Where is my son, I pray
you ?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of
Florence :

We met him thitherward ; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.
[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger, which never shall come off, and show me a
child begotten of my body, that I am father to, then
call me husband : but in such a then I write a never.*
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 Gen. Ay, madam ;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engreatest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a moiety : He was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose : and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour,
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she ; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was't not ?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses; more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I,
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That slugs with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the cause, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon.
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To comfort thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Roussillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of
her ?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone ;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sanctified vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may live ;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify :
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :
He is too good and fair for death and me ;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
words !——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,

As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-sight,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count.

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband ! he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Without the walls of Florence.

*A trumpet afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other
Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dis. They say, the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander : and that with his own hand
he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our
labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you
may know by their trumpets.

Mor. Come, let's return again, and suffice our-
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is
her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mor. I know' that knave; hang him! one Pa-
relles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions
for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their
promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these
engines of lust, are not the things they go under:
many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the
misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the
wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade
succession, but that they are lined with the twigs
that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise
you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep
you where you are, though there were no further
danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Mid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pil-
grim: I know she will lie at my house: thither
they send one another: I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jacques le Grand.

Where do the pilgrims lodge, I do beseech you?

Mid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Mid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!
[*A march afar off.*

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Mid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Mid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Mid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Roussillon; Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatso'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, were the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.^b

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

H'id. A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

H'id. He does, indeed;
And brookes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

H'id. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son,
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honestest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that
same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he
melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something : Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt Bertram, Pandulph, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past : Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you :
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't ; let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a kiding, bold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him ?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly-promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him ; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fall you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him ; such I will have, whom, I am

sure, he knows not from the enemy : we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents : He but your lordship present at his examination ; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum ; he says, he has a stratagem for't : when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design ; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur ? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go ; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum ! Is't but a drum ! A drum so lost !—There was an excellent command ! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service ; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered : but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or his jacket.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit :

if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; dares himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafou: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show
you
The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but
once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same conceit that we have i'the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woses your
daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How'er repented after.

Hid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chaste and absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Hid. I have yielded;
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing stands us, after this,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this
hedge' corner: When you sally upon him, speak
what terrible language you will; though you un-
derstand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must
not seem to understand him; unless some one among
us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he
not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-weasley hast thou to speak
to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers
i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a
smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we

must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But, cough, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

I Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

I Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

I Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

I Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

I Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel——

I Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

I Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's;
I would swear I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies!

[*Alarums within.*

1 Lord. *Throca morousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiards par carbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 Sold. *Boskos throuwido boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that, which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vanderos:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kercyboats:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Musks revuig dulce.

1 Lord. *Cucorbi dulchas rolleaves.*

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that,
Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Accordo finto:—*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded.*

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my
brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:—
Inform 'em that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 *Lord*. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fondbell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I do love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unswal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-trust: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the craft,
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so perserver.

Dis. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ser. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dis. Will you not, my lord ?

Ser. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors :
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose.

Dis. Mine honour's such a ring :
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors :
Which were the greatest obloquy in the world
In me to lose : Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ser. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be hid by thee.

Dis. When midnight comes, knock at my cham-
ber window ;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the hand of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know
them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then ; then, fail not : You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ser. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
thee. [Exit.]

Dis. For which I've long to thank both heaven
and me !

You may so in the end.——

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him,

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry, that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: then
is something in't, that stings his nature; for, on
the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon
him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet
a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting
displeasure of the king, who had even turned
his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell
you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with
you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and
I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman
here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and
this night he dashes his will in the spoil of her
honour: he hath given her his monumental ring,
and thinks himself made in the unchaste compo-
sition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we
are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still see them
reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred
ends; so he, that in this action contrives against
his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows
himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be
trampeters of our unlawful intents? We shall see
then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is doted
to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly
have him see his company anatomized; that he
might take a measure of his own judgments, where-
in so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord*. We will not meddle with him, till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord*. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord*. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord*. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord*. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord*. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

2 *Lord*. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord*. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord*. How is this justified?

1 *Lord*. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full proving of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will

next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can command.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length-a-pieces, by an abstract of success: I have cong'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these rash parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as starting to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophetess.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth: [*Exit Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, is usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: If your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

I Lord. Headman comes!—*Parla tortarossa.*

I Sold. He calls for the tortures ; What will you say without 'em ?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

I Sold. *Esake chimuroto.*

I Lord. *Sobibbedo chikururao.*

I Sold. You are a merciful general :—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

I Sold. *First demand of him how many horses the duke is strong.* What say you to that ?

Par. Five or six thousand ; but very weak and unserviceable : the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

I Sold. Shall I set down your answer so ?

Par. Do ; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. Ah's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this !

I Lord. You are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist. (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

I Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean ; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

I Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horses, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

I Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

I Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir : a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

I Sold. *Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that ?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see : Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many ; Guilian, Cosmo, Lede-

wick, and Grail, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Christopher, Vaumond, Bessil, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, resten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their enssocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

I Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

I Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether our Captain Dumain be of the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.

I Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the scull that falls.

I Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

I Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

I Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

I Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

I Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that, very rustish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I know the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half-oon, is watch well made; watch, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before!

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to well with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he row'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the omnipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Damsin: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with

such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing, that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord*. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold*. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the deathling of flies: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold*. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord*. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold*. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother far a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold*. If your life he saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

1 *Sold*. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy,

the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[*Aside.*
1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head!

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[*Unawaking him.*
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram, Lords, &c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot can't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful; if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this; Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall: simply the thing I am

Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,

That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live }

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! }

There's place, and means, for every man alive.

I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety: 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles: to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband bids him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Not you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the even'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Cloan.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipe-tufted fellow there; whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hottier in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: seems, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee: and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be

here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pils and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marcellus. A street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But, since you have made the days and nights as one To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Stranger.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report, that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, gilded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Genl.

What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king;

And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Genl. The king's not here.

Hel.

Not here, sir?

Genl.

Not, indeed;

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Hel.

Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*; yet;

Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whether is he gone?

Genl. Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon;

Whither I am going.

Hel.

I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,

Commend the paper to his gracious hand;

Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,

But rather make you thank your pains for it:

I will come after you, with what good speed

Our means will make us means.

Genl.

This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd.

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—

Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Roussillon. The inner court of the Countess's palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafco
this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known
to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher
clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's
moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong
displeasure.

Clw. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will
henceforth eat no fish of fortune's battering. Pr'y-
thee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir, I
spoke but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away: A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muck-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is maddied withal: Pray you, sir, see the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit Clo.

Par. My lord, I am a man, whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Whereto have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'écu for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox! my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. *[Trumpets sound.]* The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though

you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the Countess's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done 't' the bias of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note: but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion do we bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Count.

I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gentlemen.*]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well en't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men priz'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great contempt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main contents are had; and here we'll stay:

To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Here it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I had her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stand her meat?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casket thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her, that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so:—
And yet I know not:—Thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove, that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

[*Exit Bertram, guarded.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know
not;

Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] Upon his many protestations to
marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower;
his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid
to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave,
and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant
it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer
flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and tell him : for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafes,

To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors :—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen, and some Attendants.*]
I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine.
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To Bertram*] comes too
short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

Till your deeds gain them : Fairer prove your honour,

Than in my thought it lies !

Dia.

Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think

He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ser.

She's impudent, my lord ;

And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,

He might have bought me at a common price :

Do not believe him : O, behold this ring,

Whose high respect, and rich validity,

Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,

If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it :

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem

Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife ;

That ring's a thousand proofs.

King.

Methought you said,

You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So had an instrument ; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ser.

What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd ;

Whose nature sickens, hut to speak the truth :

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,

That will speak any thing ?

King.

She hath that ring of yours.

Ser. I think, she has ; certain it is, I lik'd her,

And hoarded her i'the wanton way of youth :

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraints,

As all impediments in fancy's course

Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,

Her insult coming with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;

And I had that, which any inferior might

At market-price have bought.

Dia.

I must be patient ;

You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,

May justly diet me. I pray you yet,

(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,) Send for your ring, I will return it home, And give me mine again.

Her. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Her. My lord, I do confess, the ring was here.

King. You hoggle shrewdly, every feather starts you —

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master, (Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)

By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:— What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he

loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in hail, my Hege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafew.*]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my hail.—Stay, royal sir;

[*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,

And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
 Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
 Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him :
 He knows himself, my head he hath defil'd ;
 And at that time he got his wife with child :
 Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick :
 So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick :
 And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
 Beguiles the truster office of mine eyes ?
 Is't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
 The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ; O, pardon !
Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
 I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
 And, look you, here's your letter ; This it says,
*When from my finger you can get this ring,
 And are by me with child, &c.*—This is done :
 Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
 clearly,
 I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step between me and you !—
 O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :
 —Good Tom Drum, [*To Paraske.*] lend me a
 handkerchief : So, I thank thee ; wait on me home,
 I'll make sport with thee : Let thy courtesies alone,
 they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
 know,
 To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—
 If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*To Diana.*
 Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
 For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
 Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
 All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
 The latter part, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

Advancing.

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done :
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lead us, and take our hearts.*
(*Exeunt.*)





TAMING OF THE
SHREW.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken tinker, Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.	} Persons in the Induc- tion.
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BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to
Katharina.

GREMIO, { suitors to Bianca.

HORTENSIO, {

TRANIO, { servants to Lucentio.

BIONDELLO, {

GRUMIO, { servants to Petruchio. .

CURTIS,

PEDANT, an old fellow, set up to personate Vin-
centio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew ; BIANCA, her sister, Widow.	} daughters to Baptista.
---	--------------------------

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on
Baptista and Petruchio.

*Scene, — sometimes in Padua ; and sometimes in Pe-
truchio's house in the country.*





T. Stockard P.A.

C. MANT

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act 4. Sc 3

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an almshouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll please you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a haggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucos pallabris*; let the world slide: *Susa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not hudge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Wlad horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merviman,—the poor cur is amboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

I Hum. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent :
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hus. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See,
doth he breathe ?

2 Hus. He breathes, my lord : Were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous heart ! how like a swine he lies !
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

1 Hus. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hus. It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures ;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command ?
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your
hands ?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his bounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease :
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick ;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;

It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

I Hen. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now! who is it?

Serv. As it please your honour,
Players, that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

I Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well;
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

I Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Lest over-eying of his odd behaviour,

(For yet his honour never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

[*Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing, that my house affords.—

[*Exit Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[To a Servant.

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift ;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
Anon, I'll give thee more instructions.—

[Exit Servant.

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, taver, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

I Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophers Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infested with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a peellar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a heart-hard, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is, that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is, that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathed stage, ay, faster than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny
wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And till the tears, that she hath shed for
thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;

And not a tinker, nor Christophere Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;

And once again, a pet o' the smallest ale.

3 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands!

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkins.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;

And call upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the lect,
Because she brought stone jags and no seal'd quarters:
Sometimes you would call out for Cickely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpennell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well;—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd,
and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her
alone,——

Madam, address you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which hath a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonly a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. *[They sit down.]*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivogli.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy

Will I apply, that treats of happiness,
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he, that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tr. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance, that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Musick and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Blondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tr. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREGGIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To court her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To Bap.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
 But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Her. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tro. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
 toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
 Maids' mild behaviour and society.

Peace, Tranio.

Tro. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentleman, that I may soon make good
 What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
 Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
 My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
 On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
 speak. [Aside.]

Her. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
 Sorry am I, that our good will affects
 Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
 Signior Baptista, for this send of hell,
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentleman, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
 Go in, Bianca. [Exit Bianca.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight
 In musick, instruments, and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
 Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
 Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
 Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up;
 And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
 What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, be-
 like,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! *[Exit.]*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our snake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, as a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have us't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Tru. *[Advancing.]* I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tru. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Radiare te captum quem queris minus.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tru. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tru. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how
her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tru. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:—

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tru. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plott'd.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tru. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tr. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tr. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tr. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be servicable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now,
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:

Woe it you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life :
You understand me ?

Bion. I, sir ? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth :
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him ; 'Would I were so too !

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go :—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;—

To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exit.*]

I Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
surely ; Comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady ; 'Would't were done !

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :—
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gr. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there
any man has rebused your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gr. Knock you here, sir ! why, sir, what am
I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gr. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?
'Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll wring it ;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa, and sing it.*

[He wrings Grumio by the ear.

Gr. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you : sirrah ! villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what's the matter !—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?
Can tulle il core bene troncare, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.

Gr. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir : Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out ?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio,
I had the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gr. Knock at the gate ? O heavens !
Spake you not these words plain,—Sirrah, knock
me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice : and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentine's love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me ; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas :
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grw. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is : Why, give him gold enough, and
marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby ; or an
old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she
have as many diseases as two and fifty horses :
why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that, I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beautiful ;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward ; so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not gold's
effect :—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman :
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
 And he knew my deceased father well;—
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gr. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Her. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
 And her withholds from me, and other more
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehear'd,)
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gr. Katharine the curst!
 A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Her. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
 grace;

And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca:
 That so I may by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised,
 with books under his arm.*

Gr. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the
 old folks, how the young folks lay their heads to-
 gether! Master, master, look about you: Who
 goes there? ha!

Her. Peace, Gremio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
 Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gre. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*]

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. What's'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gre. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pat. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Gremio, mum!—God save you, signior
Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you,

Whither I am going!—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall
prove.

Gre. And that his hugs shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo our Katherine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live? WILL I live?

Gre. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gre. For he fears none. [*Aside.*]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*]

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparel'd*; and
BIONDELLO.

Tr. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't
[*Aside to Tranio.*] he you mean?

Tr. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Blondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word are you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him heed; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words!

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other for heauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me among the rest;

And if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tru. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Survive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Grn. Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's
begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *benvenuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest ; is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while :
I pry'three, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou biding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Katharina.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I!
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLA bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you yet a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wonderful qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Canning in musick, and the mathematicks,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your
good sake :

But for my daughter Katharina,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her ;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :

Baccaro ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Grando ; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your
wooing.——

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure
of it. To express the like kindness myself, that
have been more kindly beholden to you than any,
I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Pre-
sented Lucenzio.*] that hath been long studying at
Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other
languages, as the other in musick and mathema-
ticks : his name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Grando : wel-
come, good Cambio — But, gentle sir, [*To Tranio.*]
methinks, you walk like a stranger ; May I be so
bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tran. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suppler to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preferment of the eldest sister :

This liberty is all, that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tru. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you *[To Hor.]* the lute, and you *[To Luc.]*
the set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them
both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

*[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio,
and Blondello.]*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Singular Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You know my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing, that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look
so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lute.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the
lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my guts made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do: I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio,
and Hortensio.*]

And woo her with some spirit, when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she doth bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns, and when he married:—
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
 of hearing;

They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate-Hall, my supper-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all kates: and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
 Hearing thy mildness praiz'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)—
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him, that mov'd
 you hither,

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
 thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too
 angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear
 his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms;

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a concomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look
not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for
you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twigg,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yea; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented,
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruccio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir! how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in
your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grisel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tro. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good
night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for
myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tro.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array,

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine, severally.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tro. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—

Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tro. And I am one, that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Rep. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Blanca's* love.—

Say, *signior Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests, my arras, counterpointes,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping; then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is here,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in.—*Sir,* list to me,
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old *signior Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, *signior Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in *Marseilles'* road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—

If you like me, she shall have me and mine,
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a evil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
 I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next you know,
 My daughter Katharine is to be married:
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
 If not, to signify Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
 Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
 To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
 Set fast under thy table: Tut! a thy!
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
 Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
 'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
 I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
 Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
 And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
 Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
 [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in Baptista's house.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
 The patroness of heavenly harmony:
 Then give me leave to have prerogative;
 And when in musick we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
 To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
 Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,

After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not hear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that, which resteth in my choice:
I am no hutchling scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[*To Bianca.*—*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will he never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hec ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hec ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I
am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—
Hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,
—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, hearing my
port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old
pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear;—

[*Hortensio plays.*]

O ho! the treble jara.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hec*
ibat Simois, I know you not; *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I
trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he
hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, de-
spair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc.

All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave, that
jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedanticus, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To Lucutio.*] and give
me leave awhile;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut, I am, the ground of all
accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection;

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be
gone. [*Exit Bianca and Servant.*]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
stay. [*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging.

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's house.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To Transio.*] this is the 'pointed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :

What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be
fore'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen ;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :

And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word :

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him
though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
For such an injury would vex a saint,

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! news, old news, and such
news as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how many that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
coming ?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands, where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thing old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots, that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His horse hipped with an old methy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, fall of windgalls, sped with spavins, rided with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before, and with a half-checked hit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in steds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The Humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Blen. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where he these gallants? who is at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-
day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss ?

[*Enter Petruchio, Grania, and Bianca.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better, ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Grania,
The narrow-prying father, Mithala ;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ! why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio ; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs'-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops, as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And, after me, I know, the roat is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before;

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and
Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding-chter;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre.

Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath.

Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath.

Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gr. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging, whilst your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do!—

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gr. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measures to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry.—or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he,

That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherine, and Grumio.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gr. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tro. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Dian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A hall in Petruchio's country house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gr. *Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, holla! Curtis!*

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gr. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

—*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew, as she's reported?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou

shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Gramio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gra. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Gramio, the news?

Gra. Why, Jack boy! *ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Gra. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, coffers swept; the serving men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, and the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gra. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gra. Out of their saddles into the dirt? And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Gramio.

Gra. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gra. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gra. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gra. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gra. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemuddled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me, because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt, to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never

prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this!—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarlop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Joe. What, Grumio!

Nick. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat!

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip!—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grosems!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-
horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

Where is the life that late I led— *[Sings.]*

Where are these—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be
merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey, *[Sings.]*

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho—

Where's my spaniel Trollov!—Sirrah, get you
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[Exit Servant.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[A basin is presented to him.]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[Servant lets the ewer fall.]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? *[Strikes him.]*

Kate. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?
What is this ? mutton ?

I Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it ?

I Serv.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat :
What dogs are these ?—Where is the rascal cook ?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me, that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves !
What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders cholera, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.

Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Grav. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her ;
And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. — [Exeunt.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully ;
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
 That all is done in reverend care of her ;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rill, and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong hu-
 mour :—

He, that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tr. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

H. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
 [*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art ?

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
 my heart. [*They retire.*]

H. Quick proceeders, marry ! Now, tell me, I pray,
 You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tr. O spiteful love ! unconstant woman-kind !—
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

H. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion :
 Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite
forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit Hortensio.*—*Lucentio and Bianca advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both for-
sworn me!

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. 'Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall he woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bian. O master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello* ?

Bion. Master, a mercantile, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio* ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio* ;
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two :
But then up further ; and as far as *Rome* ;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua*, sir ?—marry, God forbid !
And come to *Padua*, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ? how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua* ; Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are staid at *Venice* ; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :
'Tis marvel ; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you ;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa* ?

Ped. Ay, sir, in *Pisa* have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one *Vincentio* ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bian. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*]

Tru. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Pod. O, sir, I do; and will repate you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tru. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Grum. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that, which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grum. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grum. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely breil'd?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch in me.
Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis choleric.
 What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?
Kath. A dish, that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the
 mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
 slave, [Beats him.
 That feed'st me with the very name of meat :
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
 That triumph thus upon my misery !
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat* ; and
 'HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all
 amok ?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
 Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,
 To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :
 [Sets the dish on a table.
 I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
 What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;
 And all my pains is sorted to no proof :—
 Here, take away this dish.
Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Singular Petruchio, fie ! you are to blame !
 Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
 [Aside.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !
 Kate, eat apace :—And now, my honey love,
 Will we return unto thy father's house ;
 And revel it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;
 With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Bab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
 And not till then.

Hos. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
 And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us
 see't.

O mercy, God! what making stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carr'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hos. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
 gown. [*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quiet, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mote thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grm. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grm. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grm. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Grm. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the
gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo,
thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Grm. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Grm. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
saw me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape;*

Grm. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

Grm. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Grw. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Grw. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mate-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Grw. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Grw. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grw. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to home :
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sir, let's alone :
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Her. Why, so ! this gallant will command the
sun. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like
VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house ; Please it you, that
I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you ; But, sir, here comes your boy ;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ;

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—

Sir, [to the Pedant.]

This is the gentleman I told you of ;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
 Of love between your daughter and himself :
 And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
 I am content, in a good father's care,
 To have him match'd : and,—if you please to like
 No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
 We shall you find most ready and most willing
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
 For curious I cannot be with you,
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :—
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is fully made, and all is done :
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tro. I thank you, sir.—Where then do you know
 best,
 We be assid ; and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
 Pitches have ears, and I have many servants :
 Besides, old Gremio is hark'ning still ;
 And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tro. Then at my lodging, am it like you, sir :
 There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well :
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, bid you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !

Tro. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
 Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :
 Come, sir ; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Bian. Cambio,—

Luc. What say'st thou, Blondello?

Bian. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Blondello, what of that?

Bian. Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bian. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bian. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bian. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bian. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say. But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Blondello?

Bian. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more towards our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon, that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun, that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house :—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;

And so it shall be so, for Katharina.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward : thus the bow
should run,

And not unlookily against the bias.—

But soft ; what company is coming here ?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?—

[To Vincentio.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not
mad ;

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green :
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire : and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Pia. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amas'd me ;
My name is call'd—Vincenzio ; my dwelling—Pisa :
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Pia. Lucenzio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincenzio ;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Pia. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first meeting hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincenzio.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow, and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucenzio's house.

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA ; GREMIO walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house. My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Pia. You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knock.*]

Gre. They're busy within, you had best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as if he would beat down the gate?

Pia. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Pia. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Then liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Pia. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To Piacere.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here?

mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Fia. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[Seeing Bloudeffe.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Fia. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Fia. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Fia. Is't so, indeed?

[Beats Bloudeffe.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will morder me.

[Exit.

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit, from the window.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

[They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tr. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Fia. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copetain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tr. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lenatick?

Tr. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Fia. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Fia. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—*Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away, mad sir! his name is *Lo-*

centio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Fis. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tru. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Fis. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bop. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be money-etched in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Pod. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tru. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bop. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Fis. These strangers may be haled and abused:—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Bian. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Fis. Lives my sweetest son?

[*Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bop. How hast thou offended!—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blur'd thine eyes.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Fis. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brar'd me in this matter so?

Bop. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Pis. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have
sent me to the goal.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To Lucentio.*] Have
you married my daughter without asking my good-
will?

Pis. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go
to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Bap.*]

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA *adentree*.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of
this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray
thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Lucentio's house.

*A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VIN-
CENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO,
BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HOR-
TENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDEL-
LO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house ;
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense ;
 I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
 And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid.

Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body
 Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

P'in. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me ; therefore I'll
 sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katherine, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all, that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petrucchio, Tranlio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranlio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first, when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager, which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—what is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bian. I go. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bian. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send
for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they daisy to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;

And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.
See, where she comes; and brings your forward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that haubt, throw it under foot.

[Katherine pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pose!

Bian. Pish! what a foolish duty call you this?

Lac. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Pish, pish! unknit that threat'ning unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one, that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :
 And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord !—
 I am asham'd that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts ?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frowns :
 But now, I see, our lances are but straws ;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench !—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt ha't.

Pis. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are to-ward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed :—

We three are married, but you two are sped.
 'Twas I won the wager, though you kiss the white ;
 [To *Lucentio*.]

And, being a winner, God give you good night !
 [Exit *Petruchio* and *Kate*.]

Hic. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.
 [Exit,

WINTER'S TALE.

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia :

MAMILLIUS, his son.

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS, } Sicilian lords.

CLEOMENES, }

DION,

Another Sicilian lord.

ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.

An attendant on the young prince Mamillius.

Officers of a court of judicature.

POLIXENES, king of Bohemia :

FLORIZEL, his son.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.

A mariner.

Gadler.

An old shepherd, reputed father of Perdita :

Clown, his son.

Servant to the old shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a lady, { attending the queen.

Two other ladies, }

MOPSA, { shepherdesses.

DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance;
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

Scene, — sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.



WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. An antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia on the like occasion, whereon my servants are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, a little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attended, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and

embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Corn. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicians the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Corn. Yes, if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches, till he had one. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A room of state in the palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's nose, since we have left our thrones
Without a burden: time as long again
Would he fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more,
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and
in that

I'll no gains-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you so;
There is no tongue, that moves, none, none i' the
world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Lea. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.

You, sir,

Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Lea. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thrack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To Polixenus.*] I'll ad-
venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the post
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir*, no going. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

My prisoner! or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk
i'the sun,
And hent the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first clear'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Lea. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Lea. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Lea. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well! when was't before?

I pr'ythee tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us

As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you; O, would her name were Grace?

But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon.

Why, that was, when

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,

I am yours for ever.

Her.

'Tis Grace, indeed.—

Why, lo, you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.]

Leon.

Too hot, too hot: *[Aside.]*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have treasure cordis on me:—my heart dances;

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well become the agent: it may, I grant:

But to the paddling palms, and pinching fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,

As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—*Mamillius,*

Art thou my boy?

Mam.

Ay, my good lord.

Leon.

I'fecks?

Why, that's my hawkcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd, 'neat.—Still virginalling
[Observing Polixenes and Herminia.]
 Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
 Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pasb, and the shoots,
 that I have,

To be full like me :—yet, they say, we are
 Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
 That will say any thing : But were they false
 As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters ; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
 To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your walkin eye : Sweet villain!
 Most dear'st ! my collop !—Can thy dam?—may't be?
 Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre :
 Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams ;—(How can this be!)—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st with nothing : Then, 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou dost ;
 (And that beyond commission ; and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unscul'd.

Pol. How, my lord ?

What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction :

Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray us folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms ! *[Aside.]* Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recall
 Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kerniel,
 This quash, this gentleman :—Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ? why, bappy man be his dole !—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicken my blood.

Lea. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Lea. To your own hents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[Aside. Observing Polixenes and Hermione.]
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.—

[Exit Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.]
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been elciv'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smale, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
It is a howdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south : Be it concluded,
 No harriado for a hally ; know it ;
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage : many a thousand of us
 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
 What ! Camillo there !

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest
 man.— [Exit Mamillius.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold :
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made
 His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ?—

They're here with me already ; whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so-farth : 'Tis far gone,
 When I shall gash it last.—How came't, Camillo,
 That he did stay !

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't : good, should be per-
 tinent ;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
 By any understanding pate but thine ?
 For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
 More than the common blocks :—Not noted, is't,
 But of the finer natures ? by some severals,
 Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower measures,
 Perchance, are to this business perblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand
 Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
 Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress !—satisfy !—
 Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
 My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like, thou
 Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
 Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd

In that, which seems so.

Cam.

Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To hide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seat a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam.

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doub'd,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon.

Have not you seen, Camille,

(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rest!
 Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint myself in this vexation I sally
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
 Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
 Is goods, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
 Who I do think is mine, and love as mine;
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
 Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
 I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
 Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
 Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
 Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
 Even so as I mine own course have set down:
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
 Go then; and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
 And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
 Do't not, thou split'st at thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
 me. [Exit.]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
 What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
 Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
 Is the obedience to a master; one,
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
 All, that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
 Promotion follows: If I could find example
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
 Not brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
 one,

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
 Forake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
 Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment: when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know,
and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis therabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness,
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk;
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer,

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him,
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my counsel ;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *last*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection,
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not ; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city : For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Fol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort.
The gracious queen, part of his theme, hat nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

I Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

I Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 *Lady*.

Blue, my lord.

Mom. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *Lady*.

Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace; we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 *Lady*.

She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mom.

Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mom.

A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her.

Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mom. There was a man,—

Her.

Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mom. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
softly;

You crickets shall not hear it.

Her.

Come on then,
And give's me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon.

How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accur'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drank, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:—

There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
 All's true, that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him ;
 He has discover'd my design, and I
 Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
 For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
 So easily open ?

I Lord. By his great authority ;
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
 On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
 Give me the boy ; I am glad you did not nurse him :
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
 Have too much blood in him

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
 about her ;

Away with him ;—and let her sport herself
 With that, she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
 Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not.
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
 To say, she is a goodly lady, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
 'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable ;
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
 straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
 That mercy does ; for calumny will fear
 Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say, she's honest : But he is known
 From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
 She's an adulteress; I have said with whom;
 More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
 A federy with her; and one, that knows
 What she should shame to know herself,
 But with her most vile principal, that she's
 A bed-swarver, even as bad as those,
 That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The centre is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top:—Away with her to prison!
 He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
 But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
 I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
 The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
 [To the Guards.

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech
 your highness,
 My women may be with me; for, you see,
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
 There is no cause: when you shall know your
 mistress

Has deserv'd a prison, then abound in tears.
 As I come out: this action, I now go on,
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord!
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

I Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.'

I Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
In this, which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables, where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
There when I feel, and see her, no further trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peace.

I Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are shus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him : Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven !
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine honour,
I'll gold them all ; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease ; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments, that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What ! lack I credit ?

I Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my
lord,
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon.

Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsel; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Believe as truth, like us; inform yourselves.
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Clemenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

I Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. The outer room of a prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
 [Exit an Attendant.
 Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
 No court in Europe is too good for thee,
 What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
 And one, whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
 I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
 To lock up honesty and honour from
 The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
 Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
 Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her.
 Withdraw yourselves. [Exit Attendant.

Keep. And, madam,
 I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [Exit Keeper.
 Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
 As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
 May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
 (Which never tender lady hath borne greater.)
 She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
 Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
 Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lances o'the king ! bescrew them !

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' louddest : We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand : Please your lady-
ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : Please you, come something
nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd : not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

I Attend.

My lord!
[*Advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

I Attend.

He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon.

To see

His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirits, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares! [*Exit Attend.*]
—Fie, fie! no
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliances,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

I Lord.

You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant.

That's enough.

I Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night,
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless hearings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossip for your highness.

Leon. How?

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, cannot rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my King, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commands it to your blessing.

[Laying down the Child.

Leon.

Exit

A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing hawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—
Thou, detard, [*To Antigonus.*] thou art woman-
thr'd, unroasted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness,
Which he has put upon't !

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did ; then, 'twere past
all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I ; nor any,

But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her hus-
band,

And now haits me !—This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes :

Hence with it ; and, together with the dame,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours ;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek ; his smiles ;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :—
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him, that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

Leon.

A gross bag !—

And, least, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant.

Hang all the husbands,

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon.

Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon.

I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul.

I care not :

It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something sa-
vours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon.

On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her !

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Love
send her

A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands !—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so :—Farewell ; we are gone.

[*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this,—

My child ? away with't !—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,

And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;

Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;

For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can ; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leos. You are liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
credit :

We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech
So to esteem us : And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose ;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : we all kneel.

Leos. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;
[To *Antigonus*.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life :—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you ad-
venture

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may underge,
And needness impose : at least, thus much ;
I'll pawn the little blood, which I have left,
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leos. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leos. Mark, and perform it ; (see'st thou ?) for
the fall

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lord-tongued wife ;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—

On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Fear thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit with the Child.*]

Leos. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

I. Attens. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

I. Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leos. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; forsooth,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle: the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them), and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was, P' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burnt

And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, he't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;—

And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A court of justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly
seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pro-
nounce,)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in guarded; PAULINA
and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of
high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes,
king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to
take away the life of our sovereign lord the king,
thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by
circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, con-
trary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject,*

didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that,
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To praise and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace.
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining;—harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Less. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Less. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;

With such a kind of love, as might become
 A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you, and toward your friend ; whose love had
 spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd
 For me to try how : all I know of it,
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
 And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
 Waiting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have undertak'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
 You speak a language, that I understand not :
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,
 Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams ;
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dream'd it. — As you were past all shame,
 (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth :
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails :
 For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
 The bag, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity :
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost : for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went : My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; With immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion ; — lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before
 I have got strength of limb. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ! Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

I Lord. This your request
Is altogether just ; therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. *[Reads.]* *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes*
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous
tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the
king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost,
be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praise'd !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Off. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle :
The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How ! gone ?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How
now there ?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen :—Look
down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence :
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :
' Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Herm.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo ;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy ;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes : which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclass'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
Which you know great ; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour :—How he glisters
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while !
O, cut my lace : lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !

I Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flogging ? boiling,
In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny

Together working with thy jealousies,—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasser,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crown thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blenish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry, wee!—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and ven-
 geance for't
 Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
 nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much

The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should he past grief : Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen,—do, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leona. Then didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
The chapel, where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child ; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy back ; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
Too far i'the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mer. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. *{Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe :—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin, where I lay : thrice bow'd before me ;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,
Shew fast, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdina,
I pr'ythee, call't : for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more :—and, so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself ; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
Yes, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of his right father.—Blossom, speed thee well !*

{Laying down the child:
There lie ; and there thy character : there these ;
{Laying down a bundle.
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins :—Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell !
The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have
A ballad too rough : I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenchas with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on try. Good luck, an't be they will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barme; a very pretty barme! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer, that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he boiled but even now. Whoa, he boe!

Enter Clow.

Clow. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clow. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clow. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls

roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Step. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Step. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

Step. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Step. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Step. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that, which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Step. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, or Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy,
and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impate it not a crime,
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth unried
 Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancientst order was,
 Or what is now received: I witness to
 The times, that brought them in: so shall I do
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
 I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florisel
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
 Equal with wood'ring: What of her ensues,
 I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
 daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is the argument of time: of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
 If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
 He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in the palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erseen to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the

need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fated country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florisel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the daisy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hay! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florisel, and, in my time,
were three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin hudget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
ladder linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who,
being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was like-
wise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With
die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my
revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are
too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging,
are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out
the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clw. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods;
every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen
hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springs hold, the cock's mine. [*Exit.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them woece and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies: *mace*,—*dates*,—*none*; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; *a race*, or *two*, of *ginger*; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes*, and as *many of raisins o'the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the leathrosomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you have done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money; I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile

hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with *trai-my-damies* : I knew him once a servant of the prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him *Autolycus*.

Clo. Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsmen's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-freed sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put into the book of virtue !

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your and tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Fla. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obacur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Fla. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Fla. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd, the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a place of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:

One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing,
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
disguised; Cloten, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Step. Phe, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both paster, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That, which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [*To Pol.*
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir!

[*To Camillo.*
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sir,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:

Grace and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. *Shepherders,*
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piousness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, sluts!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that might

Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet,
 Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo.

What? like a corpse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
 Not like a corpse : or if,—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
 flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Flo.

What you do,

Still better, what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
 Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
 No other function : Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

Per.

O, Dericles,

Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
 And the tre's blood, which fairly-peeps through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unstan'd shepherd ;
 With wisdom I might fear, my Dericles,
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo.

I think you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-horn lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Der. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlick,
To meet her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. [*Musick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and he boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding : but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth : He says, he loves my daughter ;
I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that,
Which he yet dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move
you : he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell
money ; he utters them as he had eaten hallads,
and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come
in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful
matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing
indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all

sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without hawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *oldies* and *fadings*: jump her and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *W'hoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, alights him, with *W'hoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-concoited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisoes, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square cut's.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bangle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quills, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves,

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to hed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests! 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathoms above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Der. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mep. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mep. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Der. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell;

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Cloan, Autolycus, Derocor, and Mephisto.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three nest-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves soulders: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Step. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those, that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of hardmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Step. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. *[Aside.]*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks; I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him: If your less
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a cure
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's belted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before !—I have put you out :—
But, to your protestation ; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and all ;
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eyes swerve ; had force, and know-
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Com. This shows a sound affection.

Step. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better ;
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Step. Take hands, a bargain ;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
If the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Step. Come, your band ;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you ;
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : But what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He hath his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this; —
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.
Step. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not; —
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with; —

Step. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made

More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy, —
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knave, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off; — Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. — Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
 Worthy enough a hardman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee, if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or heap his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
 I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[To Florisel.
 I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
 Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cow. Why, how now, father?
 Speak, ere thou diest.

Step. I cannot speak, nor think,
 Nor dare to know that, which I know.—O, sir,

[To Florisel.
 You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
 To die upon the bed my father died,
 To lie close by his honest bones: but now
 Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
 Where no priest-shovel's-in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.
 That knew't this was the prince, and would'a
 adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
 To die, when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
 But nothing alter'd; What I was, I am:
 More straining on, for plucking back; not following
 My leach unwillingly.

Cow. Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper: at this time
 He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
 You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his bigbness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus ?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith ; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks.—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo,*
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereto glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth womb, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have o'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you hy and by. [To *Camillo.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn ;

Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so freight with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going.]

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love,
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forbid! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping

But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
 Preserver of my father, now of me;
 The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
 Nor shall appear in Sicily——

Cam.

My lord,

Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
 Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
 To have you royally appointed, as if
 The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
 That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
 [They talk aside.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,
 his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have
 sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not
 a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,
 ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-
 ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng
 who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been
 hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer:
 by which means, I saw whose purse was best in
 picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I re-
 membered. My clown (who wants but something
 to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the
 wenches' song, that he would not stir his petitions,
 till he had both tune and words; which so drew
 the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses
 stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it
 was senseless; 'twas nothing, to gild a codpiece
 of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung
 in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but 'my sir's
 song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in
 this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of
 their festival purses: and had not the 'old man
 came in with a whoopuh against his daughter and
 the king's son, and scared my thoughts from the
 chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole
 army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being
 there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those, that you'll procure from king
 Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father."

Per.

Happy be you !

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam.

Who have we here?—

[*Seeing Autolycus.*

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

[*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow ! Why shakest thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that from thee : Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange : therefore, disrobe thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman : Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir :—I know ye well enough.

[*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch : the gentleman is half slayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir !—I smell the trick of it.—

[*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*Flo. and Autol. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;
Dismantle you ; and as you can, dislodge
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undecoried.

Per.

I see, the play so lies,

That I must hear a part.

Cam.

No remedy.—

Have you done there ?

Flo.

Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam.

Nay, you shall have

No hat :—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend :

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. *[They converse apart.]*

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
[Aside.]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camilla, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt Florisel, Perdita, and Camilla.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *artempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Cloan and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her; This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea,

and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Step. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his head.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks! whither are you bound?

Step. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Step. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate or tose from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pi; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Step. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Step. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a peasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Ant. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Ant. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Ant. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Ant. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Ant. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Ant. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those, that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-truder, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Ant. He has a son, who shall he flayed alive; then, 'pointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with squawm, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he

is, and in the hottest day prognostication prohibits, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain man,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is abed, tender your person to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn hear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned and flayed alive.

Step. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Step. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety;—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Step. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops hoodles in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion;

gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shew them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. A room in the palace of Leontes.

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION,
PAULINA, and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done! forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all, that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be upparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but then strik'at me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion, If you would not so,

You pity not the state, nor the remembrances
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devout
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't!

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her, that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[*To Leontes.*]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause,

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her, I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost, that walk'd, I'd bid you mark

Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words, that follow'd,
Should be, *Remember mine*.

Leon. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead souls!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will: give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One, that gives out himself prince Florisel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And these but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
 Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
 Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
 Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been*
Nor was not to be equal'd;—thus your verse
 Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly shb'd,
 To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam :
 The one I have almost forgot ; (your pardon,)
 The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
 Will have your tongue too : This is such a creature,
 Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
 Of all professors else ; make proselytes
 Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ! not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
 More worth than any man ; men, that she is
 The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
 Yourself, assisted with your honest friends,
 Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
 [*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentlemen.*]
 He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
 (Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
 Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
 Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more ; thou know'st,
 He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that, which may
 Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PER-
 DITA, and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
 For she did print your royal father off,
 Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,
 Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother.
 As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
 And your fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begotting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly), the society,

Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
And those, that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness !—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness : My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia head, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,

Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Night I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
 That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
 Desires you to attach his son; who has
 (His dignity and duty both cast off,)
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him:
 I speak amazedly; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 While he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
 Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
 Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
 He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
 Bohemia steps his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
 The heavens set spies upon us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
 The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
 Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
 When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
 Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
 Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,
 Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
 That you might well enjoy her.

Flo.

Dear, look up :

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
 Should chase us with my father ; power no jet
 Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
 Remember since you ow'd no more to time
 Than I do now : with thoughts of such affections,
 Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,
 My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
 mistress,
 Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul.

Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
 games

Than what you look on now.

Leon.

I thought of her,

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[*To Florisel.*

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;
 Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
 I am a friend to them, and you : upon which errand
 I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
 And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
 relation ?

I Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
 heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he
 found it : whereupon, after a little amazement, we
 were all commended out of the chamber ; only
 this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he
 found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

I Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business :
 —But the changes I perceived in the king, and Cam-
 millo, were very notes of admiration : they seemed
 almost, with staring on one another, to tear the
 coats of their eyes ; there was speech in their dumb-

ness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogers?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir! this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letter of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with

clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Genl.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Genl.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Genl.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Genl.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated, that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Genl.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Genl.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that, which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Genl.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Genl.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so per-

fectly he is her age : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer : thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Genl.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the-rejoicing ?

1 *Genl.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Ant. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what ; but he, at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me : for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Cloan.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortunes.

Shep. Come, boy ; I am past more children ; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir : You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born : See you these clothes ? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born : you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie ; do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Ant. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have :—but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother ; and then the two kings called my father brother ; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister,

called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Step. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Step. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Step. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentlemen; Let bores and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Step. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darrest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Paulina's house.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leos. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Paul. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it!—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience ;

The statue is but newly fixed, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it!—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you: but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own

With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per.

So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you

For more amazement : If you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,

And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,

(Which I protest against,) I am assisted

By wicked powers.

Leon.

What you can make her do,

I am content to look on ; what to speak,

I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy

To make her speak, as move.

Paul.

It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;

Or those, that think it is unlawful business

I am about, let them depart.

Leon.

Proceed ;

No foot shall stir.

Paul.

Music ; awake her : strike.—*[Musick.*

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;

I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him

Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :

[Hermione comes down from the pedestal.

Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,

You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,

Until you see her die again ; for then

You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :

When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,

Is she become the suitor.

Leon.

O, she's warm ! *[Embracing her.*

If this be magick, let it be an art

Lawful as eating.

Pol.

She embraces him.

Cor. She hangs about his neck ;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol.

Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,

Or, how stol'n from the dead !

Paul.

That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be bootéd at

Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita to Hermione.*]

Her.

You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul.

There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon.

O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—Look upon my brother;—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were discover'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]







